

# The Missionary Helper

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## "PRAY WITHOUT CEASING"

BY HOPESTILL FARNHAM

*If in joy thy face is lifted like a flower to the sun,  
If in grief thou art still nearer to the e'er shielding One,  
If thy soul responds to beauty of the earth and sky alway,  
Though it often be in silence, thou dost never cease to pray.*

*If in all thy large receiving thou dost feel a thrill of praise,  
If in all thy humble giving thou dost gladden other's days,  
If thy life is sweet with service, if thy lips are swift to say  
Words that heal the broken-hearted, thou dost never cease to pray.*

*If in sense of the indrawing and the giving out of breath  
There is gladness in thy living and a fearlessness of death,  
If thy faith is all-embracing, if thy love would still obey  
Soul and letter of the teaching, thou dost never cease to pray.*



### **FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK**

Home Missions—the very name should arouse the interest of every American, with its double meaning of altruistic benefit to needy neighbor, and the improvement and development, at the same time, of our own nation. Home Missions, in other words, unite as synonymous, missions and patriotism. Thus may we minister to the material and spiritual needs of our less fortunate and less privileged countrymen, and to them we may open new lines of opportunity. When, on the other hand, we deal with the foreigner, we may be determining not only the teaching of the illiterate “child of the slums”, but as well the extent of the development of some genius of the East. America, in an almost unspoken pledge, has for many years left open the doors to her land, and toward these doors to the country where progression is unlimited and freedom stands as ideal, the foreign sufferer of oppression needs no further invitation. The immigrant comes to us with the hope, realized or unexpressed, which Abraham Rihbany defines for us in his “Far Journey”: “With a multitude of other young men I longed and prayed inwardly and silently for better things, or, at least, for the opportunity to emigrate from a country in which life slowly but surely grew to mean intellectual and moral death.” He arrived, as many an immigrant arrives, with enough borrowed money to assure him of being able to pass the inspector’s test; then he found himself “in New York with nine cents.” His story tells how, when he felt himself to be a “fugitive in an unfriendly world,” the knowledge of Christ and of his Father God came to him as a real and vital thing, bringing him the strength and courage to go on.

Many of our immigrants, most of our immigrants, come without such ability as is that of Mr. Rihbany, but, too, they come without such faith, such belief, such teaching as urged him on. To them what may be the refuge? Where may they find comfort for their loneliness or impetus for their self-development? Home Missions are our systematized method of making theirs a helpful and lasting comfort for loneli-

ness, and for making sure that the best of their real selves shall, under teaching and guidance, be allowed and encouraged to develop. All all this, when perfected, shall but lead to a united and efficient nation, and to an increase in the promotion of the Christ ideals and principles. "Christian Americanization" then is, as it were, bringing Foreign Missions to our own door.

In August at Ocean Park, occurred the record meeting of the Baptist School of Methods. Larger than ever before, it made a larger start for helpfulness and for efficient teaching by trained workers promised for home churches in the year and in the years to come. Ocean Park welcomes to its midst this conference and school, and in return offers the delegates a delightful recreation and vacation during the conference period. The faculty give to the delegates during their vacation new ideas and inspirations and valuable training, which are all greeted with enthusiasm. This is, thus far, the record year, but rumors of next year's plans make us believe that a greater success lies ahead.

We are all interested in the plans of travel for the near future, when Miss Nellie G. Prescott, Foreign Secretary W. A. B. F. M. S., will represent our work in a united missionary effort. By recommendation of the Federation of Woman's Missionary Societies, visits will be made to China, Japan, and the Philippines, to make a careful survey of the fields, and to learn what is most needed in the way of education, medical work, etc.

With America's recognition of the "high cost of living," and the scarce production of many of the things which we have been accustomed to take for granted, come words of India's hard times. Rev. P. J. Clark writes, "I wonder how many Helper readers would like to come and live away out here. This year is one of scarcity and high prices. Food is scarce, clothing scarcer, and the lack of rain in April and May has resulted in an almost complete absence of vegetables of any kind. \* \* \* \* At one of our outstations we are feeding forty children once a day, and have been so doing for two and a half months past, and expect to continue it for another three months. Were it not for this help they would

be in a sad plight indeed. The meal is very plain, thin boiled rice with salt, but they appreciate it, and it is conditional that they attend school in order to be eligible to even that. \* \* \* \* So far the monsoon season has opened favorably, and we pray that God in His goodness may bless us with a good harvest throughout India, for if this year also the crops be poor, it will mean starvation and death to thousands."

A note from Mrs. Long says that since she has been known to us but a short time, she must "introduce herself." We are very glad that interest in our "Helper" prompts the sending of the story of her experience "Traveling de Luxe" with her introduction. Our home readers, with the missionary group in our foreign field, rejoice in her joining our workers there.

Very soon, too these missionaries may welcome among them Miss Doe and Miss Bond, together with Miss Elsie Barnard, who has for some months been waiting for her opportunity to begin work there. To them all go our fervent wishes for success in their effort, in our effort, for India's good and in Christ's work, while for them and from them go earnest prayers for God's blessing on the work.

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### TRAVELING DE LUXE TO ATTEND OUR QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

By Mabel R. Long

As we had planned, we left Chandipore on Wednesday, June fourth, after a very pleasant and restful month by the sea. We had engaged two ox-carts to take us into Balasore, one for our luggage and one for ourselves and we had a comfortable ride of nine miles in the late afternoon after the heat of the day was over. We had a picnic lunch with us, as we weren't sure when we would arrive and we didn't want to inconvenience Mr. Krause who was to put us up for the night.

Next morning the sky looked dubious and rain set in before chota

hazri, but we had made our plans and so set out on our way. It wasn't so bad going to the station, for I rode in the ox-cart in front of the luggage, but when we arrived the rain was coming down in torrents. To reach the waiting-room I had to cross a bridge elevated over the tracks, and unfortunately got in behind two umbrellas that simply crawled and blocked my way. If you only knew how unused the Indian is to stairways, for most of them live in one or two-roomed huts, you could imagine how carefully they would descend a dripping flight of stairs with one hand on the rail and with their whole bodies clinging as if they were walking a tight-rope. Then if you have your imagination in good working order, picture the Mem Sahib meekly following, dripping from every available angle. But the train was worse. We were travelling by inter-class (between second and third), but you would have thought it fifth or sixth class, judging by the amount of water coming through the roof. All compartments seemed alike in this respect—the roof leaked and the floor didn't—so we chose the one that had the most space for our luggage and made our entrance with dignity. But in a few minutes you would have found us with an umbrella over the bed-rolls, my husband perched on the back of a seat with an umbrella up to keep himself, the tiffin-basket, and my hand-basket under cover, while I occupied the one dry spot to be found with my feet in cold water and my mind far away in sunny Michigan where "there ain't no such thing" as a monsoon. Yes, even I confessed that the monsoon had really broken, though the weather prophet had told us that it was due a week later. I wanted badly to believe him, but my faith vanished in that train. My confidence in one of our good poets was shaken at the same time. Oliver Wendell Holmes, I believe it is, assures us that a chill in the air quickens the imagination and that many of our poets have composed their best lines with their feet in cold water. I shall never attempt to invoke the Muses after that fashion, for on that moist morning my thoughts were far from poetic. I was ready to quote, "What is so rare as a day in June?" but also to hope that such days would become more and more rare.



But, wonder of wonders, as we drew near Contai Road, the sun came out, and we alighted at a station that had seen no rain that day. We could easily get fresh fruit, and found a clean government bungalow a stone's throw from the station, where we spent a very pleasant day. I felt like an American girl again as I fried bacon and made tea for our mid-day meal and made potato soup for supper. At five the train came in bringing our bearer and the Midnapore delegates, and we were soon ready to start for Contai, thirty-six miles away, where our Quarterly Conference was to be held. We were glad to have the camel-cart, which was said to cover three miles an hour instead of the ordinary bullock-cart which makes only two miles an hour. The camel-cart is a four-wheeled conveyance with two stories, springs, two large hind wheels, two very low front ones, a matting top, and two noisy drivers who yell at the camels and sleep by turns. It was just dusk as we started off in a light rain, expecting confidently to be in Contai within twelve hours. Our bearer and the delegates were in the lower berth and we had the upper to ourselves and luggage, chosen because of its airiness and space for stowing away parcels. Our three baskets of provisions, lantern and water-bottle were tied at the rear, our suit-cases and small stuff lined the sides, the tiffin-basket reposed at my feet, and our shoes and topees hung from the bamboos in the roof. So we were as snug as could be until the rain became a downpour and occasional gusts brought it in through the space between the top and the box. Our mattresses and one of the pillows got a good sousing around the edges and only to-day (eight days since) are they thoroughly dried out. The Indian Pullman isn't quite up to the American, you see. We found that out when we wanted our morning meal, and we were stranded in the down pour with no bungalow in sight. Of course we had our cooking utensils, boiled water, and provisions for several meals with us, but how could we cook anything in the deluge? The porter (?) failed to appear, so we didn't order coffee and hot rolls or tea and toast. You see it was too much for the poor camels that are used to the shifting sands and hot winds of the desert instead of slippery mud and drenching rains. Their

poor clumsy feet went slipping this way and that, and in deep mud they couldn't get a purchase to pull the cart. Several times they stopped to rest and get a fresh start, but finally at four in the morning we were stalled. We had reached a bad stretch of road that had been torn up for repairs, and a quarter mile or so was enough for the poor beasts. With three-quarters of a mile to go before we reached good road again, there was nothing to do but get out and lend a hand, so everyone but the Mem Sahib tumbled out to push. But even this assistance failed to put much heart into the camels, and we had to stop stockstill while the driver went to engage coolies to pull us out of the mud. Of course it was a bad hour to find men, in the rain and darkness before dawn, and it seemed ages before he came back with twenty-one coolies. Meanwhile we had had a cold lunch of bread, butter, jam and water to fortify ourselves for the worst. Finally we were pulled around through the rice-fields to the main road and were on our way again. The camels were still unhappy, however, for the rain continued to pour, so we traveled very slowly and had a wait of more than two hours at the canal. At last at three o'clock in the afternoon we reached our destination instead of six in the morning as we had planned. You should have seen the Mem Sahib alight! I jauntily put my topee on over my boudoir cap and draped my damp figure in my husband's blue dressing-gown. Thus I made a most dignified entrance into Contai society and bravely walked up the hill to the Mission bungalow, my white shoes sinking into the sandy mud at every step. O—but the house looked good to us with its table set and its dry rooms! It didn't take us long to make ourselves ready for the hot meal that was soon prepared by our kind hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Sircar, our former pastor and his wife; and a real bed, dry and comfortable, quite set me up.

The meetings were good, and the people were so glad we came. Contai is so far from the rest of us, because of its distance from the railroad that few Christians ever visit there. We were the only missionaries who were present, but I had no feeling of loneliness for everyone was so cordial. The first session that I attended was held on Satur-

day morning, but please don't ask me to tell you about the paper and talks. I couldn't understand even my own husband's paper, for the rain made a perfect din on the corrugated-iron roof of the little church. But the other sessions went better, for the bursts of rain came at the proper moments. Among the interesting features of the meetings was the music provided by a new convert. Mr. Sircar told us that this man had been brought up a Hindu and yet had never married, rather remarkable in a country where almost all Hindu girls are married by the age of fourteen and men by the age of eighteen or twenty. So he had no wife to hold him back in professing Christ. For two years he has been interested in Christianity and leading a good moral life, and just the last month he made a profession and was baptized. He has a violin and Sunday evening he played and sang very nicely. The Indian people are always fond of the violin, and anyone who plays on the instrument can get a good hearing on the streets and in the bazaars. So our new convert will undoubtedly be helpful in evangelistic work. Won't you pray that all of our teachers in the village schools may profess Christ and witness for Him, as this young man is doing in his quiet, simple way?

After our long journey in the rain we appreciated the many kindnesses of Mr. and Mrs. Sircar, the delicious curry, and the fine fresh fruit. The Contai bazaar is an excellent one. By the way, when we were visiting the bazaar one afternoon, we saw seven camel-carts out in the rain. Do you wonder that the Indians as a people are poor when they take so little care of their belongings? How many managers of livery stables at home would leave their carriages outside in all kinds of weather? India has much to learn from the West in matters of common sense and economy. As we passed one door we noted a strange animal on the verandah. The Mohammedan mothers are in the habit of blackening the eyes of their small daughters above and below, and many Indian women anoint their bodies with saffron on holidays and special occasions. Well, this family had taken a turn at the cat and turned her out a holiday pussy with eyes coquettishly blackened and her nether portions well coated with saffron.



But I mustn't forget the more important matter of our return to civilization and home. On inquiry we found that the camel-carts were not available; they had made their last runs of the season. We were not surprised at the report, but we did puzzle how to get home in two days' time in order to open the Bible School as scheduled. The ox-carts would not start in the rain, and the trip by canal-boat and steamer was too uncertain, lengthy, and expensive. But providentially the weather cleared on Monday and we secured three good oxcarts to take us in to make our train home on Tuesday. We had a delicious noon meal of curry just before we left, and started off well fortified with curried chicken and browned Contai nuts. (Perhaps you think I mention food rather often. Well, it is impossible to get anything but fruit when going through Indian villages, no crackers and cheese, no cakes and maple syrup, very little that we would dare eat or drink, so we have to make provision for ourselves when starting on a journey and supply ourselves with the necessities, always counting on delays, bad roads, etc.) We were fortunate in being able to cross the canal by daylight on a barge propelled by a single man with a bamboo pole, and in reaching the bad stretch of road under a cheery moon. Our oxen turned bravely into the rice fields to make the detour, but we needed coolies at the wheels to help us over the ruts and through the deep water. My little team did nicely till the near ox sank into mud so deep that he couldn't keep his nose above water. So I sat on the "up" side of the gharry till the oxen were loosed and the coolies could pull me out to a level spot where the water was shallow enough for the oxen to wade in safety. From there on we moved slowly, for the oxen were wearied, and we halted at a government bungalow at ten o'clock. Here we let the oxen rest and eat while we did the same. Between midnight and one o'clock we ate our dinner, and at one, after arranging ourselves comfortably for the night, we recommenced our journey. My husband led, I followed, and our bearer brought up the rear with our luggage. It was a very short and peculiar night. I disposed myself as comfortably as possible with straw matting, and mattress on the springless cart

bottom with my head toward the driver where I could get some fresh air. Three times I wakened to find my gharry at a dead standstill with my husband's cart blocking the way, both drivers fast asleep and the oxen taking their turns, too. Each time I called, "Herbert, awaken your man! We're all at a standstill!" and immediately the cavalcade started on. I failed to waken him, but the oxen responded as if the name belonged to them. Several times I wakened to find a black head dangerously close to mine—the driver was fast asleep on the tongue and of course had to lean in some direction. It was always in mine. If I moved over to the other end of my pillow, I found after a short nap that my driver had been like minded. Luckily I did not suffer from this close contact—at least I have discovered nothing so far to warrant a liberal sprinkling of kerosene. At five I wakened again on hearing my husband's voice. He had had a run of a mile back to find the driver of the third gharry peacefully sleeping. From then on there was a sharp contest, and we won out. We wanted to make our train, but two of the drivers were more interested in sleep than in reaching our destination. Finally, late in the forenoon when it was almost train time we abandoned the two carts, leaving the luggage in our bearer's care, and walked for over a mile with our water-bottle and small basket of necessities to show the drivers that we meant business. My husband's gharry was making good time, so we got in and rode into Contai Road to find that the train was an hour late, so we had plenty of time after all. We were so thankful to bathe and change in the dhak bungalow. At the station we found a quiet spot where we could eat a cold lunch, the first food we had had time and opportunity to eat that day. The hour was eleven, so you can imagine how thankful we were to open the tiffin-basket, as cold water won't see a person through a day very comfortably. The train soon bowled in dry and comfortable, and we finished our lunch in leisurely quiet in our compartment.

At Khargpur we were glad to see the face of a friend, one of our Mission workers, who had come to meet us and to help us change to the Midnapore train. At three o'clock we had arrived home and were

getting a little nap. Home did look and feel so good to us. The garden was fresh and green, so different from its appearance in May, and the house was freshly swept and dusted. "East, south, north, west,—Home's the best!" It took several days to dry out our bedding and when we opened our trunk we found clothes and books badly saturated with mildew. We tried in vain with borax, ammonia, vinegar, and nitric, and now the dhoby is doing his best. We know that this is only to be expected during the monsoons, and we feel that we ought not to complain when we know a family that has had all the good table-linen moulded and another that after vacation found that white ants had been playing havoc with books, pictures, leather bags, and the two good pairs of shoes that the Mem Sahib had bought only the year before and had been carefully saving.

Midnapore, Bengal, June 16, 1919.

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## THE CHURCH AND THE IMMIGRANT

By E. K. McCord

(It is not the purpose of this article to draw conclusions but to arouse serious self-questioning; not to treat of the subject widely but to direct thought toward this phase of Home Mission work, to the end that others might be thereby induced to a fuller study and more scientific treatment of the the whole general question of the attitude of our own church toward the immigrant and his children.—E. K. McCord.)

Our great, great-grandfathers, through sacrifice and death, wove in to their personal characters and their nations constitution an unshakable faith in the right of all mankind to liberty and equality of opportunity. Our fathers maintained this faith and gave it a mighty impetus forward. And our sons have just returned, some of them, from the gigantic struggle which has laid foundations for liberty and equality for all the people of all the world.

Now if our faith in this instance is well founded and it be true that

"all men are created free and equal," and if the American people have really taken an unshakable position upon that fact as the bedrock foundation of national solidarity—then in each foreigner who comes to our shores, irrespective of his nationality or creed, every American meets the test of his Americanism.

Is this stranger who is entering through our gates to be regarded as "free and equal?" Is he to receive such treatment as will evidence in all respects that he is so regarded? Is he to have placed within his easy reach the means by which he may so assimilate Americanism as to really and adequately become American? Are opportunities by which he may avail himself of these means to be pointed out to him and the helping hand extended to lead him into open doors of equal rights and privileges? And is he to have it, with brotherly kindness, but with determinate insistence, impressed upon him that the path of duty lies in this direction of assimilation into the spirit and purpose of the highest Americanism, whether it be found in the United States or in Canada, in whichever of the two countries he may cast his lot?

Or is he to be left to himself, to live a segregated life, allowed to drift on the tide of his alien principles, carrying his alien nationality with him, one among us yet not **one of us**?

By such vital questions are our distinctive American principles subjected to a most rigid testing.

Likewise the church. Are the blessings of the Christian faith for **all** the world? Did Christ die for **every** man? Is there no such distinction in the realms of faith as Jew or Gentile, Barbarian or Scythian, bond or free? Are all one in Christ Jesus? Is the church, is the individual Christian living above the barrier of race and caste, actually living out in practical daily life the principle of Christian brotherhood in respect to the foreigner?

These vital questions put to a crucial test the stability of our Christian living.

The fact of immigration is of a startling nature when one sits down and **really** thinks about it. Immigration reminds us of a man throwing



open his door and inviting his neighbors in. He has no right to invite his neighbors in unless he intends to do them good. Nor the nation. Either closed doors—or neighborly treatment. And in respect to the immigrant, it is one of the functions of the church to secure to him that neighborly treatment.

Life functions best through its religious aspirations; for it is religion that puts life into life. National character, then, functions best through the church, for the church gives direction to and expression of the highest religious life of men. Then, upon the church more than upon any other element of national or social life, and in a more directly responsible way, falls the obligation to secure to the immigrant, to the "stranger within our gates," those inalienable rights that will cause him to be no longer a "stranger" but one of us—that will secure from us such treatment of him as will make this possible to him—that will secure from him such assimilation of American ideals as will impel him to this; for the church has its duty to the nation as well as to the "stranger."

Upon the church, then, falls the duty of verifying our distinctive principles of liberty and equality; of verifying them in our attitude toward the immigrant.

In the main, the thing which the immigrant needs first, and needs most, is the gospel. To give him the gospel tends to national solidarity. Through a similarity of thought life and in a convergency of ideals, life grows together, differences wane, unison of purpose comes to birth, nation-hood is made secure. The gospel tends to unify the thought-life as to its ultimate goals and its methods of attainment and in so doing draws men together. Viewed then from this merely altruistic standpoint the church should, for the good of the nation, give the gospel to the incoming foreigner.

But there is a higher good even than this. The foreigner comes to us because he is looking for a higher good. It may be, probably is, a material good which he seeks. But it is an upward step. His gaze is upward, his hands grope after something better.



It is the province of the church to grasp each groping, outstretched hand; to give new light to each longing, upturned eye. The church is so commissioned, and to such a service, that it becomes a crime for her to refuse the appeal, even though it be inarticulate, of groping souls.

But there is yet a higher good than this. The church, through her impress upon the foreigner, has it in her power to multiply her spiritual gifts far beyond the individual whom she directly touches. Two instances come to mind, in one of which the church missed her opportunity and to the world's loss; in the other the church functioned ideally to the great good of the Orient. In the one case an Oriental came to America. He was a Christian, nominally, at least. The church failed to touch his life. He met rebuffs. After two years he returned to the Orient a bitter opponent of all that calls itself Christian. He was fully convinced that the American people, including the church, failed to exemplify the principles of the gospel which had appealed to him before his contact with a Christian nation.

The second instance is that of Rev. Mr. Matsuno, pastor of our own church in Tokyo, Japan. He, too, came to America. He traversed the continent from San Francisco to New York.

He was not a Christian when he came, but the church functioned in his life. She met his groping hand, she gave him a higher good than that which he sought. She sent him back to Japan an unflinching advocate of the principles of Jesus Christ. His voice has been lifted for Jesus in all the different sections of the four main islands of Japan; it has been heard telling the story of Christ's redeeming love in Korea and in Manchuria—in San Francisco, Chicago, and New York. His hands have been busy doing the Lord's work, his feet have been running on errands for the Kingdom of God, his fertile mind has been evolving plans for the progress of the church, his heart has been beating in unison with the heart of the loving Christ. The church functioned on the soul of this "stranger within our gates," and sent him back to multiply the church's power in lives that were out of her own immediate reach.

The moral is too self-evident to need moralizing.

—THE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY.

## A WORD AT THE START



MISS GLADYS E. DOE

Dear Friends of Bengal-Orissa,

I have been asked, as one of your newly-appointed missionaries, to give a little sketch of my life.

I was born in Medford, Mass., which place has been my home ever since. I graduated from High School in 1911, and entered the Bridgewater State Normal School with the intention of becoming a kindergarten teacher. While there, I received a definite call, as I believe to work in India. The sense of responsibility for and need of the women and children of India has never left me since that night.

After graduating from the Kindergarten-Primary Course in 1914, I taught in Connecticut and in the Perkins Institution for the Blind, Watertown, Mass. Feeling the need of further Bible training, I entered Gordon Bible College in 1916 graduating last May.

The Missionary spirit was always strong in our church and family, and the training of years has been consummated in my being appointed to Bengal-Orissa as a kindergarten teacher. I expect to sail from Seattle on the S. S. "Arabia Marn," August 25th, which is my birthday.

I am looking forward to the work with great anticipation, and ask that your prayers on my behalf may continue.

Yours in the Master's service,

GLADYS E. DOE.

Medford, Mass., Aug. 10, 1919.



MISS MABEL E. BOND

Dear Friends,

I was born in West Groton, New York, the twenty-eighth of February, 1890. As a child, I spent much time playing school, and later engaged in

teaching. Having taken a course in Cortland State Normal, Cortland, N. Y., I taught the eighth Grade in Moravia for three years.

The call to the foreign field came to me in my early years of teaching but the truth is that I hated to consider the possibility of such a thing for fear I might be accepted. Again and again, I distinctly heard God calling me. I greatly regret now that I was so slow to heed. About two years ago, the question was entirely and forever settled as far as I was concerned and I have never been happier.

I desire that He may use me in India that much glory may be given to Him who supplies all our needs and that Jesus Christ may be exalted above all others.

Sincerely yours,

MABEL E. BOND.

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### TREASURER'S NOTES

We have pen pictures and facts about Bengal-Orissa so interestingly given by our missionaries, at various times, and by Mrs. Lena Fenner Dennett,—who so generously shared with us her Judson Party trip, which included Bengal-Orissa,—that we are tempted to brave repetition, and let them re-inform us.

First, we will let Miss Amy Porter tell us of India's beauty, as given in a letter written soon after her arrival: "Everything is beautiful here, especially when the rains come. From my room I look out over our fresh grassy compound, with beds of vigorous zinnia plants, gay with blossoms. At the foot of the driveway is a palm tree with a blue jay on the lowest branch (only palms don't have branches, but I don't know what to call it), this very minute. Along the sides of the road are big, leafy mango trees and spreading banyans. Beyond I see the waving arms of a plantain tree and the delicate, fairy green of the bamboos. . . . . Nobody told me that India was beautiful and I had made such a wrong picture of it."

As if in answer to the query, "What are the seasons?" she says: "I have seen the whole round of new seasons. It has been very interesting. It seemed to me like summer when I reached here in November. Along in December and January I was glad to have a good pile of coverings over

me at night and actually enjoyed my heavy sweater during the mornings and evenings. but roses, nasturtiums, pansies and balsams flourished in those days. April brought burning, scorching winds that felt like the air that rushes out from an oven when the door is opened, but it didn't bring any delicious odor of baking pies and roasting meat, however. By May the government courts and all the schools had changed to morning schedule, that is, from six to eleven, then closed for the day. Even then the school children coming home complained of feet burned by the hot roads. By the third week in May everyone who could get away was off for a vacation. When the rains began in June we came home, for the rains make the world a livable place again."

Writing of our Missions here at Midnapore, Mrs. Dennett said: "Our mission here is fully a mile from the station. . . . . Here is Henderson Home, associated with Miss Coombs, Miss Butts, Dr. Mary (and later Mrs. Holder and Miss Daniels).

The nucleus of this bungalow was a mission press in Dr. Otis Bacheler's time. When the press was given up, because other and larger had been established in Calcutta, the property was purchased by our F. B. W. M. S. Board, the building remodeled, enlarged, and beautified, and became Henderson Home and Brown Dispensary. The latter is simply one of the rooms used as an office by Dr. Mary in her medical practice.

Midnapore has five Mission compounds—big roomy spaces allowing for growth and future building for years to come. Opposite the Henderson Home is the Bachelor bungalow. . . . . On this compound is the Girls' School (at this time,—1914—it was presided over by Rachel Das, who is without doubt the foremost Indian woman of our entire mission).

In the other direction, on the same side of the road, is the Phillips' bungalow. . . . .

Southwest from Henderson Home and about midway between it and the Phillips' bungalow is the Bible Training School, housed in Deering Hall, the most pretentious structure in our Indian Mission.

Northeast, across the Jaganath road, is the Midnapore Chapel, built by Dr. Bacheler, and recently remodeled. . . . .

One day we walk over to Chundra Lela's mud home and I stand in the tiny, tidy rooms, where this wonderful woman lived, and from which occurred her transition. Here her body rests and nearby is the tomb of 'Brother Sachi', our greatest Indian Christian man. Surely this is sacred



ground."

Zenanas, Girls' Schools and Bible Women's work are the three departments of the work of our Woman's Society here. Mrs. Burkholder in writing said: "Zenana work was begun here at Midnapore, February, 1866. Hundreds, possibly thousands of women and girls have been taught to read, and have heard the way of salvation, for which we are thankful. The judgment day alone will reveal results. . . . . Our rule has always been, from the time when we began this work, to give Bible instruction in some form in all the homes we visit, and the schools where our women teach."

Turning to our monthly receipts,—part payment of Sundari's support in Sinclair Orphanage is sent by the Lisbon Falls Auxiliary; Storer is remembered by the Ocean Park Toilers-by-the-Sea, and isn't the Thank Offering of Portland Auxiliary a generous one? . . . . . By the way, we judge that the Saco Auxiliary stepped beyond us all in amount of its Thank Offering, though we do not know the exact figures. This must be in honor of our dear President, whose presence they have enjoyed for several months. . . . . The "in memory" gifts of the Misses Edna and Doris Folsom bring loving thought of Mrs. Whitcomb, and her special interest in the "Roll of Honor." . . . . . Both Bengal-Orissa and Storer share in another such gift "in memory of Mother, who was interested in all mission work, and especially Storer." . . . . . A Mission Study Class was formed some years since, and we find the interest aroused "carrying on" in the gift of Mr. Stanley Cooke Wing, designated for a Bible woman. . . . . One of our Ocean Park little folks,—than whom none are more dear,—Miss Marjorie A. Wood, the "Little Lady of the Flags," is made a Cradle Roll Life Member by her aunt, Mrs. Albert Armstrong. . . . . The gift of Batavia, Michigan, Auxiliary is for Storer, and Mrs. Smead makes an individual memorial gift, to make her little daughter, Lois Helene, Memorial Life Member of Cradle. . . . . Our good friend, Miss Clara Warner, forwards gift for Zenana teacher. . . . . The generous gift of Miss Nellie B. Jordan for Storer, is for laundry provision for the girls at Storer, a most timely gift. . . . . Mrs. Dally tells us in the *Texas F. W. B. Sentinel* of a "Co-operation Sunday School" at Edge. "The little town has three churches, Baptist, Free Baptist and Methodist. Each church has its own pastor, but they find they can do better work in the S. S. to co-operate in one school. Hence the name 'Co-operation Sun-

day School.' An annual birthday party is one feature, when each pupil brings his birthday offering,—a penny for each year—and it is added to the mission fund. This year the amount goes for salary of Mrs. Holder, next year it will go to one of the other two denominations." ..... The generous remittance just received from Mrs. Walter Holmes, State W. M. S. Treasurer, together with previous gifts, very nearly completes Texas' pledge for salary of Mrs. Holder and support of Doris. In fact we imagine that ere these "notes" are read the amount will have been fully paid. .... Earnest and alert are these Texas friends, and they are evidently thoroughly aroused to the compassing of their campaign objective, and the full payment of their pledge for Mrs. Holder and Doris.

Interesting and gratifying is the following contention,—“That in the recent world war the color line has received the death knell in view of the fact that on the defeated side white men only fought, while the makeup of the Allied defense was from every nation under heaven—a veritable rainbow. Henceforth character and not color must be the test of international worth.”

“If anything has been shown during the crucial years through which we have been passing, it is that the ideals and spirit of Jesus are fundamental to the solution of the problems of the world. It is only upon a basis of love and sympathetic understanding, such as comes from the rulership of Jesus, that men will learn to live together in peace, ..... To the church is committed, more than to any other organization, the task of bringing the life and the teaching of Jesus to bear upon the world.”

“The problem of Negro education during the new reconstruction is delicate and difficult and supremely important.”

Let us remember that Storer's work has this “basis of love and sympathetic understanding,” and in these reconstruction days is increasingly important.

Cordially in service.

EDYTH R. PORTER,

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.



## GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES.

I had expected in my notes for this issue to give a definite statement of our arrangement with **Missions** for taking over the subscriptions on hand when the **Helper** goes out of existence with the December number. But the editor has been away. I fully expected to have the interview for the final arrangements yesterday, as his secretary told me yesterday she knew he was eager to see me about the matter and she thought he could arrange it for today, but it is night, and he has not telephoned me.

I cannot hold my notes another minute, and expect them to appear in the October issue, so all I can do is to say that the editor of **Missions** writes me that "Of course **Missions** would be glad to make any right arrangement regarding taking over the subscription list of the **Missionary Helper**. We should be glad to do everything in our power to carry these subscriptions to **Missions** because we think that is decidedly where they belong. New arrangements are being made at present concerning the relations of **Missions** with the new Promotion Board, but I am sure we shall be able to make a satisfactory arrangement with you. I know we hope to be ready to carry over any of your unexpired subscriptions. We should also wish for your assistance in securing renewals from those subscribers." He also writes that he will be away for a time, but will be "glad to have an interview with you on my return when we can more satisfactorily go over the entire matter."

I have no question but that the matter will be satisfactorily and equitably arranged. I shall report on details in the next number. At present we can confidently say that with the cessation of the **Helper**, its subscribers may count on **Missions**.

Since writing my last notes I have been on a trip through New Hampshire. I met many readers of the **Helper**, and was pleased and touched with the devotion they expressed for our magazine, and their genuine sorrow at learning that it was to be discontinued,

Cordially,

A. M. MOSHER.

107 Howland St., Boston, Mass.



## DON, A MISSIONARY HORSE



Dear Helper Friends,—

Our Michigan friends especially, and some others at home who make possible the gift of a horse and buggy for Dr. Mary Bachelier in Balasore will be glad to hear something from me.

What a help and blessing and comfort it has been! It surely was no mistake. All the Balasore missionaries have occasional drives and it is one of my pleasures when I go from Jellasore to know that Dr. Mary or some one from Sinclair Orphanage with "Don" and the buggy will be at the station to meet me. How many errands can be more quickly and easily done in the bazaar three miles away and sick people visited. And being out, if it is not too warm gives a little rest and change to tired feet and nerves.

Don is very gentle and we all like him. He knows his friends and often gets loving pats on returning from a trip. See him eating bread from Miss Porter's hand, with the syce, his caretaker, standing by in white chopkon and puggaree (turban).



Don takes us to church too, and sometimes he thinks it is Sunday, when it isn't, and wants to turn in at the church gate. When let loose in the compound he gallops around in a most graceful way, head and



DON EATING FROM MISS PORTER'S HAND

tail up, while our big family of brown girls watch him with great delight.

We are grateful to our kind friends and wish we might give them a drive and show them Balasore.

E. E. BARNES.

July 2, 1919.

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### IN MEMORIAM

Jesus, Thou Prince of life!  
Thy chosen cannot die;  
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with Thee on high.

G. W. BETHUNE.

Miss Emeline E. Mowry, Greenville, R. I., July 23, 1919.

Mrs. Katie M. Parker, June 14, 1919.

## THE CHURCH IN THE SOCIAL MOVEMENT

The experiences of the war, revealing, as they do, reversion to barbarous practices by highly civilized peoples, the nearness to the surface of savage instincts and deep selfishness in vast numbers of men, the willingness to profiteer on the part of workers as well as employers, the intensity of racial, national and religious antagonisms—these experiences have demonstrated anew that the progress of humanity is dependent, not alone upon social organization, but upon the strength of the moral emotion and the discipline of character.

Now that the war is over the church should return to its historic functions of Christian nurture, evangelism and religious education, with new sanctions, and a sure knowledge that its ministry to the inner life and to the building of character are, after all, its greatest contribution to social welfare. Every movement of social reform will be partial and disappointing until a powerful work of education, both general and religious, has been accomplished.

It must not be forgotten that in social reconstruction we are dealing with matters that vitally affect the welfare and happiness of millions of human beings, and that we have come upon times when people are not submissive to injustice or to unnecessary privation and suffering. They are deeply and justly in earnest. As has been said, we are laying the foundation of a new world. If those who are the actual industrial, political and social leaders of the nation will not act upon the principle that the greatest shall be the servant of all, then the people themselves, with indignation and bitterness, are sure to take their destiny and that of the world into their own hands. The social question cannot be dealt with casually. People who are born with unusual ability, of whatever kind or, who receive special advantages, are given them for unselfish service. Large holdings of property can be justified only by devotion to the common good. We are entering upon an era in which the absorbing concern of the world will be for social justice and the greatest wellbeing of the greatest number. This will animate the religious spirit of the future—a spirit which has found its supreme expression and example in Jesus Christ.—*Missionary Outlook*.

## Our Quiet Hour

### HOW TO GLORIFY TASKWORK

By J. R. Miller, D. D.

Evidently you are a busy person. Some one says that one's value in society is measured by one's interruptions—that is, by the demands which other people make upon one for help, for service. Evidently many persons make demands upon you, many claim you and the loving help which you can give. All this speaks of your own good heart. I believe that God intrusts to his servants the work which he knows by experience they will do faithfully. Some people are selfish and unwilling to serve others; these are not apt to get many opportunities to serve others in the true sense. But when one has proved willing to serve and give out life for others, then God is ready to give more and more, until hands and hearts are full:

Long since I learned that interruptions—what people call interruptions, the breaking into one's own schedule of needs and wants from others—are often bits of God's will which are given to us to do. For example, one makes a program for a day, enough to fill every moment of it, but scarcely has the day begun when some one comes with a need, a sorrow, something that seems to demand that we should stop our regular work and turn aside. We are apt to chafe at these interruptions, but I believe that often the things which thus press in upon us, breaking into our own plans, are the most sacred things of our days. I have no doubt that you regard your life as Christ's, to be used in whatever way he would have you to use it. Your motto is, at least in substance, "Whose I am, and whom I serve." By going about from place to place among your friends, helping them in Christ's name, you bring to them the Spirit of Christ and the love of Christ and also the helpfulness of Christ. I trust that you will have rich enjoyment in all this service, and that you will always be found helping somebody.

This reminds me of something I have read about Sir Bartle Frere. He was always serving in some way. He had been absent for quite a while in one of his African explorations, and was to return by a certain train. Lady Frere sent a servant to meet him at the station. The servant was new and never had seen Sir Bartle. He asked his mistress how he would know him. "Oh," said she, "look for a tall man helping somebody." The servant went to the station, and when the train arrived he eagerly watched for his new master, trying to identify him by his wife's description. Soon he saw a tall man helping an old lady out of a railway carriage, and knew at once that it must be the person he sought. It is a very beautiful way to be known—one who is always helping some person. I am sure this applies to you. When I go to your country and try to find you I shall be sure to find you trying to help somebody.

I am sure that as you turn your face toward the higher phase of taskwork, all that now seems drudgery will become beautiful and radiant service. Anything that we do for Christ, if we can realize indeed that it is for him, ceases to be dreary and toilsome, and becomes a matter of joy and gladness. May God help you more and more to set Christ before you always in everything you do, and to work always for him, no matter for whom you are working directly, or what lowly and dreary work you are doing.

—INTIMATE LETTERS ON PERSONAL PROBLEMS.

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Give what you have. To someone, it may be better than you dare to think.—*Longfellow.*

During a famine in Russia a beggar reaching out his thin hand asked Count Tolstoy for some money. The Count felt in all his pockets, but happened to have no money with him. Turning to the half-starved man, he said, "I am sorry, brother, but I have nothing with me."

The sad face brightened, and the man said with a smile, "But you called me 'brother,' and you spoke kindly, and those in themselves are gifts."—*Selected.*

## Helps for Monthly Meetings

"Information Means Transformation."

TOPICS FOR 1919-1920,

September—	Acquaintance Party
October—	The Battalion of Life
November—	Home Missions
December—	India
January—	China
February—	Prayer and Praise.
March—	Korea, the Philippine Islands and Siam
April—	The Near East
May—	Thank Offering.
June—	Africa and the Promise of the Future
July—	Field Day.

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NOVEMBER—HOME MISSIONS.

### SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM

OPENING HYMN—Hail to the Lord's Anointed (1st, 2nd and last verses)

#### PRAYER:

O Thou Eternal One, we adore Thee who in all ages hast been the great companion and teacher of mankind; for Thou hast filled our race from the depths, and hast made us to share in Thy conscious intelligence and Thy will that makes for righteousness and love.

We pray for those who, amid all the knowledge of our day, are still without knowledge; for those who hear not the sighs of the children that toil; nor the sobs of such as are wounded because others have made haste to be rich; for those who have never felt the hot tears of the mothers of the poor that struggle vainly against poverty and vice. Arouse them, we beseech Thee, from their selfish comfort and grant them the grace of social repentance. Smite us all with the conviction that for us ignorance is sin, and that we are indeed our brother's keeper, if our own hand has helped him to lay him low. Though increase of knowledge bring increase of sorrow, may we turn without flinching to the light and offer ourselves as instruments of Thy spirit in bringing order and beauty out of disorder and darkness.—*Walter Rauschenbusch.*

SCRIPTURE—Romans 15:1-7.



HYMN—Our Country's Voice is Pleading.

Brief talk on the work at Storer, prepared from articles in previous HELPERS, supplemented by reports to be found in November issue.

(Interesting account of our W. A. B. H. M. Society might be secured from phamlets, by addressing the department.)

CHRISTIAN AMERICANIZATION.

(See Study Book for material for one or more papers or discussions, subjects and extent to be determined by the amount of time devoted during the year to the study of Home Missions.)

CLOSING PRAYER By Leader.

SINGING—America the Beautiful.

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## Juniors

### DICKY AND THE WORK-A-DAY FAIRIES.

By Blanch Silver.

Dicky sat on the porch steps, looking out across the meadows. There was a frown on his forehead and a pout on his lips. "I'm tired of playing alone. Wish I had someone to play with me," exclaimed Dicky, kicking the dirt with his feet.

"Oh, dearie me," cried a tiny voice.

Dicky looked around, but no one was in sight.

"Oh me, oh my," cried another tiny voice. Then another and another took up the cry until Dicky turned round and round trying to find out who was crying.\* \* \* \* Dicky jumped up, looked under the porch steps, behind the screen door, and under his Mama's wash tubs, but not a soul could he see.

"Where are you, anyway?" laughed Dicky. "I can't find you."

"Here we are! Right on your hands," laughed the tiny voices all

together.

Dicky held up his hands and sure enough, there on each hand, sat four little Finger-fairies and two Thumb-elfins smiling at him.

"Who are you and how did you get on my hands?" exclaimed Dicky, who could hardly believe his eyes.

"We're the Work-a-day Fairies," replied the little voices," and we live right here \* \* \* You see, Dicky, you're the Keeper, or King, of the Finger Fairy Castle and we're your slaves. When you tell us you want to play, we find plenty of things for you to play with and when you tell us it's bed-time we become very quiet until you fall asleep. Now, if you'll wash our faces, we'll help you do something."

"But there's nothing to do," pouted Dicky. "I'm tired of my toys and there's no one else for me to play with.

"Surely there must be something we can help you do!" exclaimed one of the Thumb-elfins. "Work, maybe."

At this Dicky threw back his head and laughed.

"You needn't laugh!" cried the Thumb-elfins. "We can work if you'll let us."

"Maybe you can," laughed Dicky, "but I'm too little to work."

"Indeed you're not!" exclaimed the Middle-Finger Fairy. "No one is ever too small to be of some service. You just wash our faces and we'll show you how."

Dicky laughed and ran to the tub under the pump and quickly washed his hands.

"Now, there's the wood to be piled and some carried into the kitchen," suggested the Thumb-elfins.

"Oh, that's Daddy's job when he comes home," exclaimed Dicky.

"Then let's do it for him, and surprise him," replied one Thumb-elfin.

"And feed the chickens," suggested the other Thumb-elfin.

"And pump your Mama's tubs full of water ready for her washing," cried a Finger-fairy.

"Oh, let's do," laughed Dicky, jumping up and down. "They'll be so surprised!" And Dicky with the help of the eight little Finger-

fairies and the two Thumb-elfins soon had the wood all piled and had filled the wood-box back of the stove. They fed the chickens and gathered the eggs, and, last of all, pumped the tubs full of water for Mama.

Maybe Mama and Daddy weren't surprised when they came home and found the work all done; and how they did laugh when Dicky told them he was King of the Finger-Fairy Castle. "All I have to do, is to command and my Work-a-day Fairies obey me," laughed Dicky.

"Dear little Finger-fairies!" exclaimed Mama; gathering Dicky up and giving him a good hug. "I just hope they'll always be ready and willing to do kind things for those they love," and she kissed the eight Finger-fairies and the two Thumb-elfins right on their finger-nail faces.

"I hope so, too!" laughed Dicky, "for until I learned they were here, I was very lonesome. But really you don't know how time flies when you're busy doing something for others."

"Indeed I do, dear," said his Daddy, patting his curly head, "and I'm glad the Finger-fairies have shown you how, for you'll never be lonesome again, I'm sure."

With a merry laugh Dicky ran and washed his Finger-fairies and his two Thumb-elfins and kissed their tiny faces. "I certainly thank you for showing me how," he whispered.

—LITTLE FOLKS.

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We have only to be patient, to pray, and to do his will, according to our present light and strength, and the growth of the soul will go on. The plant grows in the mist and under clouds as truly as under sunshine. So does the heavenly principle within.—*W. E. Channing.*

What we call Conscience is the voice of Divine love in the deep of our being, desiring union with our will; and which, by attracting the affections inward, invites them to enter into the harmonious contentment, and "fulness of joy" which attends the being joined by "one spirit to the Lord."—*J. P. Greaves.*

# Contributions

## F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for August 1919

All money, including Thank Offerings, intended for church apportionment credit, should be sent to District Treasurers and Joint Secretaries, Home and Foreign; but gifts not intended for church apportionment may still be sent to the Treasury of F. B. W. M. Society, and such gifts, when so specified, may be applied on life membership.

### FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of — to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine.

MAINE		TEXAS	
Lisbon Falls, W. M. S. for support of Sundari in Sinclair Orphanage	\$ 8 50	Bryan Ch. salary Mrs I M Holder	33 66
Ocean Park. Toilers-by-the-Sea for Storer	14 00	" Edge Bros for Doris Holder	60 00
Portland 1st F B Aux T O for Contingent Fund, \$61.63; share in <i>Missionary Helper</i> , \$3.00	64 63	" Edge S S Class for Mrs Holder	5 00
Sanford, Misses Edna A and Doris E Folsom in memory of Mrs N W Whitcomb. for salary Mrs E R Barnes	8 10	Dewdrop S S class gift for Doris	1 00
		Campbell, Salary Mrs Holder	7 60
		Carthage,	9 10
		Clayton,	16 00
		Cross,	5 10
		Good Hope,	25 27
		Harper Grove,	7 70
		Hopeville,	3 01
		Kurten,	5 02
		Liberty,	5 00
		Rock Hill,	3 65
		Unity,	29 70
		Wellborne,	8 60
NEW HAMPSHIRE		QUEBEC	
Concord, Est M B Smith, income	80 37	Three Rivers, Miss C M Warner for Gori at Balasore	5 00
NEW YORK		MISCELLANEOUS	
Burlington Flats, Miss Minnie S Firman, "in memory of Mother;" ½ Bengal-Orissa; ½ Storer College	5 00	Income:	
Jamaica, Marjorie A Wood, Cradle Roll, Life membership. for Brown Babies S O	5 00	For Kindergarten work at Balasore	1 28
N Oneonta, Stanley Cooke Wing, for support native worker	25 00	Of Porter Me'ml for <i>Helper</i>	11 45
		For Widows' Home at Balasore	26 71
			\$521 31
MICHIGAN		Alfred, Me. Miss Nellie B Jordan, for laundry provision at Storer	150 00
Batavia, aux for Storer College	5 25	Ocean Park, Sale leaflets and histories	10 18
Batavia, Memorial Life Membership, Lois Helene Smead, for Brown Babies, S O	5 00		
Farmington, Mrs J D Batson, "for use where most needed"	10 00	August 1919 Total	\$681 49
Iron, Mrs May Edwards, ½ Bengal-Orissa; ½ Storer	15 00		
Sebaka, Mrs A J Marshall on pledge of Phillips' Family for salary Mrs I M Holder	6 50		

EDYTH R. PORTER, Treas.  
47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

